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WM. LLOYD GARRISON, EDITOR.

VOL. XV.—NO. 24.

REFUGE OF OPPRESSION.

From 'The Herald of Freedom,' edited by N. P. Rogers.

THE NEW-ENGLAND CONVENTION.

The meeting was largely attended, and a great opportunity afforded for an extensive and capital impression. The opportunity, I think, was in a great measure lost. The meeting was organized, and subjected to the great deal of precious time was spent in discussing, and absolutely quarreling, about 'points of order' . . . . The Rowdyism of the city was in to laugh and exult over it. A host of women had come to endear that small, haggard, midget about matters, which, being legislative altergates, their sex has always been excluded from participating in it.

Alluding to the Rev. J. B. Pinney, who appeared at the Convention as the profligate champion of Slavery and the American Church, Mr. Rogers says—

I could not ponuce upon him, as some of them did at Boston. I would give him every encouragement to speak, and let out his atrocious notions—if they are his real opinions, I respect his right to them, and utter them, anywhere—and especially in the anti-slavery meeting. Our speeches were too ravenous with his Excellency, and I find apt to be with Divines, when they come within hearing of them.

I have received the treatment of Elizur Wright, Jr., by the *Convention*. I would not be sensitive to it, because I was myself ill-treated there, (I)—but it was truly in the genuine spirit and genius of corporation and party. The speakers were hating the Church and Clergy for not succeeding in their respective brotherhoods, on account of the connection of those brotherhoods with slaveholders. Mr. Wright, as far as the anti-slavery Society extended the same measure of reproof to its members who did not secede from the political parties, who chose slaveholders to be their bond—, and who remain in those parties and voted for slaveholders. I was sorry to see how differently they treated Elizur Wright from what they treated each other, and how they disengaged his mingling with them. In fact, their behavior was such that no one who did not advocate their dogmas, could hardly do with any self-respect undertake to mingle in their discussions at all.

Mr. Phillips took occasion to assert that the Business Committee were only appointed to assist individuals in bringing in resolutions, his own assisting, that they were to *dictate* what was to come before the Convention. He also adverted to the fact that he had been of the same opinion with Foster, and had expressed it in the *London Convention* of 1840. He admits this. I did not do so, however—it was he who gave back in his ideas of individual right, since then. He charged Foster's position with inconsistency—and admitted the consistency of mine—and then, with a good deal of emphasis, and I thought with great pertinacity, said, 'he would give for consistent Tyranny or for consistent Freedom.'

An alternative, which I fully accorded him, was 'a consistent friend or a consistent enemy.'

Foster, I thought, an inconsistent with that, but I need hardly call the attention of abolitionists to this extraordinary declaration of Wendell Phillips,—or to his position under it, or that of Foster. They have a direct and decisive bearing on the quarrel now carrying on by Garrison and his followers.

Consistent Tyranny Phillips goes for, and Garrison and others are going for it in action, and will have to, in word and theory,—against the Consistent Freedom? of the position they are assuming.

In the controversy on the part of Garrison, Consistent Tyranny, Consistent Freedom,—W. Phillips is 'Consistent Tyranny.' He has raised the alternative. His allies have got to avoid it. And then they have got to maintain it.

The last evening of the Convention was a perfect hell. An immense audience flocked in, evidently attracted by the *sport promised by the squabbles of the galleries*. A glorious opportunity again, for a wide spread of anti-slavery principles—and a glorious opportunity again lost. The meeting was organized. 'The Platform' against THE PEOPLE, and they were soon at pitched battle accordingly. Had the meeting been free, it would not have been.

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Frederick Douglass. Alluding to Mr. Douglass and his Narrative, N. P. Rogers says—

I will do what lies in my power to advance his opportunities of usefulness and happiness, though I am sorry to hear, he feels called upon (by his impetuosity and free position) to lend himself to the warfare upon the South. If she hasn't, let her be repudiated. If she had, she would n't, it.

That she talks of excommunicating the South, is a sure sign she has n't repented. A penitent never excommunicates for the sin he has forsaken. A hardened impenitent, who has found it convenient to forsake, always resorts to it. He is full of 'labor' and 'cut off' as he can hold. Or 'cut off' and 'labor.' The labor always comes last.

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The AMERICAN A. S. SOCIETY. Two or three weeks ago, I uttered an opinion, which I honestly and in anti-slavery good faith entertain, that anti-slavery money and effort were wasted upon the American A. S. Society. . . . I cannot conceive of the wisdom and economy of half a dozen men from Philadelphia, and twenty men from Boston and vicinity, being at the expense of travelling to that ball of New-York, every May, to hold an anti-slavery meeting. And so they did still there, and they let down a running fire of clamor, he standing it, on one side, and they discharge noises on the other—in direct conflict, of course, they would not let him speak. Instead of this, they would have let him speak.

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" For the following manly and explicit letter from Mr. Calhoun, all thanks! He is no hypocrite—no demagogue—but a consistent, straight-forward champion of eternal slavery. See what reasons he gives for the annexation of Texas!

From the *Charleston Mercury*.

The following is Mr. Calhoun's reply to a letter from a committee of the citizens of Mobile, inviting him, with many expressions of regard, to visit their city. We copy it from the *Register*, of May 17:

FORT HILL, May 15, 1845.

GENTLEMEN:

From some delay in the mail, I did not receive, until a few days since, your letter of the 21st April, informing me that, at a democratic meeting held in the city of Mobile on the 14th of the same month, you were appointed a committee to express the cordial approbation of the meeting, of my public conduct; their gratitude for my services, and to offer, on the part of the meeting, such other manifestations of their respect and esteem as you might think proper.

I will not attempt to express the deep gratitude I feel for the warm approbation of my public conduct and services expressed by the meeting in their resolutions, and the very acceptable manner in which you have performed the duty intrusted to you.

In performing it, you have alluded with particular approbation to my conduct and services in reference to State rights, and during the period I filled, for a short time, the State Department under the late administration.

No part of my public life do I look back with greater pleasure, than that of contributing to expounding the true meaning of the relations between the federal and State governments, on which the doctrine of State rights depends; and it is a great consolation for me to think it has not been in vain.

The Federal Government, regarded in its federal character, in which States and not individuals are its constituents, is the most remarkable ever formed; and promises, if carried out honestly and fairly, as such, a higher degree of prosperity and happiness than has ever fallen to the lot of any people.

On the other hand, regarded as a national government, in which individuals and not States are the constituents, it has nothing novel or remarkable about it. Instead of a great federal republic, as it is, it would be in that character a huge, unwieldy democracy, destined to be torn into fragments by hostile and conflicting interests, and to terminate in convulsions.

Such being my conviction, I felt it to be my duty to maintain the federal character of the government against the national or consolidative, at any sacrifice and hazard, and shall continue to do so as long as it shall please the Author of my being to spare my life.

The services I rendered during the period I filled the State Department, were performed under great difficulties and embarrassments. Nothing, indeed, but the magnitude of the questions involved in the negotiations in reference to Texas and Oregon, with the difficulties and embarrassments encircling them, and the unanimous call of the country to take charge of the negotiations, could have induced me to leave my retirement, and return to public life. Besides those that were intrinsic, there were many that were of an extraneous character.

Among others, the administration was literally without a party in Congress, and very feebly supported by the people; and the presidential question was pending, which experience had taught me overruled, in every measure, all other questions.

The negotiations in reference to Texas first claimed my attention, because it was the most pressing, and could not be delayed without hazard. In order to avoid the difficulties and embarrassments which I apprehended from the presidential election, I resolved to keep entirely aloof from the party politics of the day, and especially from questions relating to the election, and to use my efforts to induce the candidates not to commit themselves against annexation.

I had little apprehension that Mr. Van Buren would, as a great majority of his friends, with General Jackson at their head, had declared for it. The position of Mr. Clay was different.

The mass of his friends at the North opposed it, which I feared would sway him. In order to prevent it, if possible, I saw some of his most prominent friends, with whom I was on friendly terms, and used every argument I could with them to exert their influence to prevent him from coming out against it.

It was all in vain. His letter in response did not appear, and Mr. Van Buren's followed shortly after, most unexpectedly to me.

His effect was great. Mr. Clay's friends were rallied against it to a man, although the great body of them in the West and South were strongly disposed to support it, and not a few of the prominent openly committed it in their favor.

It was different with Mr. Van Buren's. The great body of his supporters remained firm in its support; but an active, influential, and not an inconsiderable number adhered to his cause. Indeed, the stand taken by the selected candidates of the two great parties, with the influence of the presidential question, and the feebleness of the administration in Congress and the country, seemed, for a time, to render the prospect of success almost hopeless.

To these causes of opposition there must be taken into consideration another, to realize the difficulties and embarrassments that stood in the way of the success of the measure. I allude to abolition. It may, indeed, be truly regarded as the main spring which put the others in motion.

The abolition party in the North and West had taken an early and decided stand against it, and had gone so far as to adopt measures to influence the party in Great Britain, and through them the British government, to oppose it, as the most effectual means of abolishing slavery in the United States and throughout the continent. The scheme was to abolish slavery in Texas as the most certain means of doing so in the United States, and that of doing it throughout the continent. To consummate this grand and well-laid scheme, it was indispensable that Texas should be prevented from being annexed to our Union; while the only possible way to defeat it, and prevent the mighty consequences which would flow from it, was the annexation of Texas.

The course of the British government at an early stage of the negotiation, made it manifest that it had warmly and fully embraced the scheme. The declaration made by its minister at Washington, (a copy of which was left at the Department of State after I entered on its duties,) left not a doubt on that point. It, indeed, as well as avowed it, by declaring that Great Britain desired to see slavery abolished in Texas and throughout the world, and that she was using constant efforts to effect it—by influence, that she was using her influence and diplomacy with Mexico to agree to recognize the independence of Texas, on condition that they should abolish slavery.

I save in this declaration thus formally made to our government, a confirmation of what I believed to be her scheme of policy in connection with Texas, from other but less conclusive evidence in my possession. I saw, also, clearly, that whether it should succeed or not, depended on the fact whether Texas should or should not be annexed; and that, if it succeeded, its inevitable consequences would be the final consummation of her great and deep design, to be followed by the desolation of the South, the prostration of the commerce and prosperity of the continent, with a monopoly on her part of the great tropical products of sugar, coffee, rice, tobacco, and cotton, which are almost exclusively, as far as this continent is concerned, the result of slave labor.

Seeing all this, the question presented to me was, Shall we then the declaration of the British government be met? Shall it be silently passed over, leaving annexation to be urged on other and different grounds, or shall it be directly and boldly met and exposed?

It is not in my nature to hesitate between such alternatives. My conviction is deep, that truth, honesty and plain dealing, is the true policy on all occasions in the management of public affairs, including diplomatic; and I resolved without hesitation, to take them as my guides on this memorable occasion. The defeat of this deep-laid scheme, the success of annexation, (as may now be almost certainly said,) the vindication of the great institution on which our safety depends, and the rescue of the commerce of the continent from the grasp of commercial monopoly, have been the result; and I may add, as far as I am individually concerned, your approbation, that of the meeting you represent, and if I may judge by indications, nearly the whole country now, of my course.

But, at the time, the approbation was not so unanimous. Denunciations then, loud and deep, fell on my head.

I was charged with introducing a new local sub-

ject of little importance into the Texian issue, with the base design of injuring the prospect of one of the presidential candidates, and of dissolving the Union. And many who did not go so far, even southern men, whose all was at stake, thought that I acted injudiciously in introducing the slave question, and giving it such a prominence; that it was calculated to have a bad party effect, and to drive some of the party who were not sound on the subject of abolition, or who desired to obtain the votes of abolitionists. But I pass them without remark or comment now, when time and experience, and the approbation of the country, sanction the wisdom of the course I adopted.

The absorbing character of the negotiation in reference to Texas, did not so engross my attention as to neglect that of Oregon. As soon as the former was sufficiently despatched, and the business of the department brought up, I entered on that I left it in an unfinished state and as it still stood in reference to it; but I trust, when it comes to be made public, it will not be less successful in meeting your approbation and that of the country generally. It is a subject not without great difficulties; but I trust, that it will be possible to bring the negotiation, as to its final termination, to a successful and satisfactory termination, and thus avoid an appeal to arms. Neither country can possibly gain anything by such an appeal, nor can possibly desire it if it can be honorably avoided.

In conclusion, I assure you, and through you those you represent, that it would afford me great pleasure to partake of the public dinner you have tendered me in their name, and of forming the personal acquaintance of my numerous friends in your city; but it is not now in my power. It is probable, however, that I shall visit my son, who resides in your State, some time next autumn; and in that event, I will make it a point to visit Mobile, which are now so well known to require any further elucidation.

With great respect, yours truly,

J. C. CALHOUN.

To Percy Walker, Thomas Holland, Thomas McGran, William R. Hallet, and J. A. Campbell.

THE NEW-ENGLAND A. S. CONVENTION.

Correspondence of the Lowell Journal.

NATICK, May 31st, 1845.

The anti-slavery meeting, in the Marlboro' Chapel, attracted great interest, and was crowded day and night. Feeling much interest on the subject of slavery, I spent much time in the meetings of the Society. It was a strange medley. Many noble and generous sentiments were uttered in strains of lofty and impassioned eloquence—sentiments that elevate and improve the heart; but mixed with them were sentiments which should be condemned by every lover of his race—every friend to liberty regulated and guided by law. The meetings were addressed by several gentlemen who opposed the principles and measures of the Society; but as were some of these gentlemen, they earned no laurels in their contests with the old chiefs of the old Society. Garrison, Phillips, Pillsbury, Foster, Remond and Douglass are powerful champions;—and right or wrong, he must be an able as well as a bold man who can assail them with any hope of success. These gentlemen have been so long engaged in the contest, that they have great advantage even in those contests where they are, to my mind, clearly in the wrong. During most of the time (Wednesday), the floor was occupied by very ordinary speakers, who launched forth against the Society, the clergy, the politicians and the government; but late in the day, Mr. Pillsbury took the floor, and made a very able speech against the church and the clergy—charging the clergy with being responsible for the existence of slavery. He said he had been through the mill; had the Abolitionists upon him, and knew all the tricks of the trade. He is a strong man, and his speech created quite a sensation after he had closed, the Rev. Mr. Pinney, agent of the Colonization Society, and formerly a Missionary to Liberia, I believe Governor or of Colony, took the stand and commenced a reply to the gentleman who had preceded him, and in defense of the church. 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FELDRIE, July 15.

At the dawn of day, and walked all over the town. There were several battles fought around this town during the French Revolution, between the French, under Massena, and the Austrians. Here is the only entrance to the pass that leads into the Tyrol, in this region. It is now 6 o'clock, and I am waiting outside the door of the hotel for the coach to start for Bregenz. They are harnessing in the horses, and adjusting on the baggage. An aged woman sits near me. After looking at me some time, she says in English—“Are you from America?” “Yes, I am.” “I am glad to see you, says she. I once spent many years there—have recently left it; and I find the people of this country do not think highly of Americans.” “They think very highly of themselves,” I said. “Yes, she quickly said, ‘that they do. They boast of their liberty, their intelligence, their *reverence*, their churches and Sunday schools—but as to the slaves and the colored people, they are the most savage people in the world.’ Are you an abolitionist?” “Indeed I am, or I would be ashamed to show my face even in Austria. But where do you learn all about these matters?” “Oh, said she, “I saw enough of America in New-York and Philadelphia, in their riots and mobs, and in their treatment of the colored people, and of runaway slaves. Then I have seen your republican banner waving over a slave auction in New-Orleans. I have seen enough of the hypocrisy and tyranny of America; and that nation is justly the scorn of all Europe.” I think one could hardly form a worse opinion of the religion or government of America than I have, as they appear in the treatment of the whites towards the blacks. If the religion of America, with all its clergy and churches, its meeting-houses and outward show, were blotted out of existence, as clergy and churches, Christianity and Humanity would have all the better chance. And as for the government, the sooner it is blotted out, the better for the world; for it is not a proper compact, to enable one portion of the community to enslave another—to enable the strong to oppress the weak.” “Do you mean to say that the religion of America is not Christianity?” asked the woman. “Yes—the slaveholding religion of America has more affinity to Christianity than has cannibalism. Every slave, and every friend of the slave, must, of necessity, be the deadly foe of a slaveholding religion.” “I believe you are right,” said she. At this moment, we were called to enter the coach, and we parted, never to meet again, for we were going to Vienna. But it was good to have these few words of sympathy for American slaves. That is—the moral and religious sentiment of the world is branding all slaveholders with merited infamy. There has been no weighing of baggage here, no searching, no passports examined, though still in the Austrian empire; yet I am in a freer atmosphere, on the confines of Switzerland.

HAHENES, 7 o'clock, A. M.

A town of 3000 inhabitants—only place in Tyrol for all this region is called Vorarlberg Tyrol, i. e. Tyrol West, or over the Arlberg where many Jews dwell. Here they are abundant, and among the best of the people. Stop here to change mail. Near this are the ruins of two old castles, once belonging to the Montfort family, who owned great possessions about here. But they were all a set of *bandits*, living by plunder and murder. Snakes and lizards now crawl over the ruins of their castles. Good! So it may be with all monuments of military men and deeds. All off to the left is the valley of the Rhine; on our right, and near to the road, are the mountains.

BREGENZ, 9 o'clock.

A town of 2300 inhabitants, on a beautiful slope of land that descends to the east end of lake Constance. Arrived here and put up at the Goldenen Adler, (Golden Eagle,) and not having had time to wash and shave at Feldkirch, were shown to a room where we could perform these operations. The man of the house led the way to a room with our baggage. We entered, shut the door, and began to unpack to get at our things, when in burst a woman, who, as we found, was the landlady, her eyes flashing fury, her face inflamed with wrath if not with fury, and she pitched into our baggage and into us with hands and tongue—and if we didn't go out of the room in a hurry, with our baggage tumbling after us. There was no mistake in our exodus! That woman was a caution to all travellers. She said that room was her bed-room, and she stormed and thrashed about like a mad cow of Bashan. She wasn't going to have us in her room—not she! We explained—told her that her husband brought us there—that we knew nothing about her room—that our baggage and ourselves were brought there by one who, as we supposed, knew what he was about, and who had a right to conduct us there. But the Virago was unapproachable, and would hear no explanations, but let off upon her husband and all mankind. She was raging with passion, and like any angry person, was unmerciful and unjust. Said she was the head of the house, and indeed so I found it, for her husband, poor wee thing! stood and heard us abused, and dared not open his mouth. We told her we would just open our baggage to another hotel, and called a waiter, and said we should have a pretty story to tell of her house; and if this was the way she treated people, we thought travellers would keep clear of her. She became sober, cooled down, and began to apologize—said we could have another and a better room. The hurricane passed over; she took us to another room, furnished us with a good breakfast, and became particularly attentive to us. The landlords are necessities in the hotels of Tyrol.

12 o'clock.

On a pier running out into lake Constance. Some half dozen lime trees spreading their deep green branches over us, and shading us from the sun. There are benches all about under the trees; and here the men and women of Bregenz come to gossip at noon, at noon, and at dewy eve; and here the children come to romp—the clear, smooth, beautiful lake on one side, the gentle slope and pretty town on the other—the bold, high hill, called *Gebhardsberg*, behind the town, on the top of which is a church. From the top we see the whole of lake Constance as far as the eye can reach—the Rhine where it enters the lake—the snow-capped peaks of the Arlberg, over which we have passed; the glaciers of Apenzell, in Switzerland, and the peaks of the Senni, off to the south and south-west. The view is enchanting. Bregenz is the frontier town of Austria on the west, between Bavaria and Switzerland; a place of some traffic, especially in ready-made houses, which are made by the Tyrolese in the neighboring mountains, and brought here in pieces, and experted across the lake to Switzerland. This is said to be the *Brigantine* mentioned by Strode. Near this, Drusus Nero and Tiberius, so lauded by Horace, fought and vanquished the Vindelici. It is said they transported their army across this beautiful lake.

I am sitting on a bench close to the lake, under the shade of a lime. My companion is stretched out on another bench, looking up into the tree-tops, half asleep and half awake. I sit here, cap off, the cool air from the lake blowing gently my face and hair. Some children splashing water close to me—I splash at them and am laughing. Four old men, very aged, sit on another bench, smoking, and looking solemnly on to see our sport. Now, three young men, each a fine peacock, and smoking, have come to my bench, and driven the children away from their sport. They talk and look big. I presume they are the *fastidious* of the town. It is a shame to pollute this sweet spot with their foul tobacco smoke. The lake is still, and smooth as a mirror. I think of the lakes of Western New-York—or lake Champlain, of lake George, of lake Winnipesaukee. This lake, though very beautiful, bears no comparison with the

two latter, nor with Skaneateles, or Otsego, where the *Doversinger*, alias *Leatherstocking*, alias *Hawkeye*, alias *Pathfinder*, alias the *Trapper*, once followed the game. Here I sit and look at the past, present and future. How oft have I read of the deeds of Roman Legions, and of the deeds of Charlemagne in this region! I am at the head of the valley of the Rhine. I look down a thousand miles, nearly, to its mouth, and where it is lost in the sands of Holland.

But there comes the steam-boat from Lindau, which is to bear us over this beautiful, quiet lake. She looks beautiful, as she bears down upon us. But we must go and bring our baggage.

2 o'clock, P. M.

Steamer on lake Constance. Just come on board. No call for passports—no search of luggage. We began to breathe more freely. I have been a *managed* man, the last eight months, since I entered Austria. I have been at my wits' end to run the gauntlet of Austrian spears, bayonets and swords, that have been bristling before me at every step; and my only evidence of my honesty, or even humanity, has been my passport, a contemptible bit of paper, signed and sealed by a man. Since I left the Danube on the Linz, I have not been on the water before, nor carried by steam; all has been by horse power. It is good to go ahead again, and feel that there is no suffering of dumb beasts to get me along. The cross lady was mighty good, and compliant, and reasonable, when we paid our bill at her hotel. She begged us not to report her conduct; and I would not, where it would injure her house. We are just putting off from the pier at Bregenz. The town and all around look like a scene of enchantment, so calm, so quiet; and the bold *Gebhardsberg*, surmounted by a great church, watching over it.

5 o'clock, P. M.

In steamer, still on the Constance. We have been all around to the towns on the north shore of the lake, and taken in lots of passengers, mostly English. We are well packed. I am lying on a bench, close to the helm wheel, looking off to the north and northwest. Constance looms up in the distance, 15 miles off—wind blows fresh ahead, and we go about five miles an hour, or six. Carriages, horses, dogs, men, women, children, all about the deck of the boat. No room to stir. No one wishes to be in the cabin; all wish to look off on the scene. As we came across the lake, the Swiss and Tyrol Alps of Glaciers, off to the south and south-east and south-west, presented a glorious appearance. No bold scenery on the shores of the lake. This lake must sometimes be subject to terrible and sudden storms, that sweep down from the distant Alps; but it is now as calm and smooth as possible. There is Constance, with its spires, spreading out before us, on the lake shore, and surrounded with shrubbery, in full foliage. All eyes on board are turned in one direction, that of the town, where we are to lodge for the night. We have had much talk on board. The slaveholding Democracy and Religion of America have had a full share. I am just sick, disgusted with that country. Every body sees her hypocrisy; the veriest tyrants and tools of tyranny of this continece scoff and flout at her; and I can't answer them, except when they begin to run down the eternal principles of human freedom, and to make the *practical* tyranny of America a cover for their own despotism in *principle* and *practice*. Then I pitch into the old, hoary despotism of Europe, and show them that they are all a *covering*, *subject* people, fit only to be managed. Oh, the wide-spreading, accursed influence of American slavery! My patriotism is at a low ebb; gone, *clean* gone, and that forever.

10 o'clock, night.

My room in the Hotel de Lisle, Constance.

Arrived here at 7 o'clock. Took lodgings, and then sallied out to examine the town and vicinity.

Walked about till dusk—then went with the multitude outside the town to a beautiful suburb to hear a band play. There saw thousands of the people gathered to enjoy their favorite pastime, music. All in their peculiar dress, and all disposed to be happy, and to make others happy, so far as such amusements can make happy. Constance is a walled town, on the left bank of the Rhine where it comes out to the lake. It belongs to Baden, but is probably Switzerland. French is spoken here extensively, as well as German. There are many English here. There are about 7500 inhabitants. It once had 40,000, and was one of the most noted cities in Germany. Its trade and its fame are gone. Few strangers resort here now, though it is a most healthy and beautiful spot, on the west end, or north-west corner of the lake—a beautiful and healthful country scenery around; but the town looks very old and solitary, and the people don't move brisk and active, as if they had life. But I am weary of travelling and seeing and talking, and will to bed, and to sleep, if I can.

LETTER FROM H. C. HOWELLS.

KINGSTOWN, Bristol, England.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Though I have written to you but twice since my return to England, the deep interest I have ever felt for the poor slaves, and for the worthy but despised colored people in your land, is in no degree abated. The progress of the holy cause to which your body, soul and spirit have been so long and so successfully devoted, I learn from the *Liberator*.

My heart responded fully to the noble position taken by the old Society, “*No Union with Slaveholders!*” I cannot see how any man, who has judgment to perceive the right and wrong of a great moral question, or a heart to feel the unutterable woes of millions of immortal beings, can take a lower position. Judge then of my astonishment when I found that some of the old standard bearers voted for Henry Clay! But ‘no man is wise at all hours,’ nor in all things; and while we should admonish with fidelity, we have no patience and forbearance. ‘In many things we all offend.’

What think you of the Oregon question? Our government are fully determined as to their course. Should the United States government maintain their purpose, there is nothing that can be expected but a fierce and bloody war. It will not be like the Chinese war; that was most unpopular; but it will be considered as a *war against the Slave Power of the world*—that power which breeds human beings for no other purpose but to gratify the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life; a power far more cruel than if it breed human beings for the shambles of cannibalism; that holds its death-grasp on the throat of *humanity*—that defies the moral influence of the world to rescue its victims, and scorns the pity of the world on their behalf; ye, a power that despises the Governor of the universe, to whom the piercing cries, the groanings that cannot be uttered, and the submissive prayers of faith are continually ascending, from those who are, so far as man can effect, imbruted below brutality. And will not God avenge his own elect, though he bear long with them? He surely will avenge them speedily; I pray not in judgment, though I fear this, from the rampant and daring attitude of defiance the slave power assumes against God and man. Oh! that they were wise, and considered the end of these things, before the wrath of God is poured out, and the desolations of war come upon them to the uttermost! before they are made to drink their own blood as the wages of their heaven-daring crimes!

Under these circumstances, should there be a war between this country and the United States, it would be the most popular war ever undertaken by this nation; and none will mourn over it but those who see the *abominations of all wars*, and who will suffer rather than inflict wrong.

Last week, we had a public anti-war meeting, at which I proposed for consideration the propriety of presenting petitions to our government: That they would relinquish all claims to the Oregon territory in favor of the aborigines of America, to whom it rightfully belonged; that they would also propose to the

two latter, nor with Skaneateles, or Otsego, where the *Doversinger*, alias *Leatherstocking*, alias *Hawkeye*, alias *Pathfinder*, alias the *Trapper*, once followed the game. Here I sit and look at the past, present and future. How oft have I read of the deeds of Roman Legions, and of the deeds of Charlemagne in this region! I am at the head of the valley of the Rhine. I look down a thousand miles, nearly, to its mouth, and where it is lost in the sands of Holland.

But there comes the steam-boat from Lindau, which is to bear us over this beautiful, quiet lake. She looks beautiful, as she bears down upon us. But we must go and bring our baggage.

2 o'clock, P. M.

Steamer on lake Constance. Just come on board. No call for passports—no search of luggage. We began to breathe more freely. I have been a *managed* man, the last eight months, since I entered Austria. I have been at my wits' end to run the gauntlet of Austrian spears, bayonets and swords, that have been bristling before me at every step; and my only evidence of my honesty, or even humanity, has been my passport, a contemptible bit of paper, signed and sealed by a man. Since I left the Danube on the Linz, I have not been on the water before, nor carried by steam; all has been by horse power. It is good to go ahead again, and feel that there is no suffering of dumb beasts to get me along. The cross lady was mighty good, and compliant, and reasonable, when we paid our bill at her hotel. She begged us not to report her conduct; and I would not, where it would injure her house. We are just putting off from the pier at Bregenz. The town and all around look like a scene of enchantment, so calm, so quiet; and the bold *Gebhardsberg*, surmounted by a great church, watching over it.

5 o'clock, P. M.

In steamer, still on the Constance. We have been all around to the towns on the north shore of the lake, and taken in lots of passengers, mostly English. We are well packed. I am lying on a bench, close to the helm wheel, looking off to the north and northwest. Constance looms up in the distance, 15 miles off—wind blows fresh ahead, and we go about five miles an hour, or six. Carriages, horses, dogs, men, women, children, all about the deck of the boat. No room to stir. No one wishes to be in the cabin; all wish to look off on the scene. As we came across the lake, the Swiss and Tyrol Alps of Glaciers, off to the south and south-east and south-west, presented a glorious appearance. No bold scenery on the shores of the lake. This lake must sometimes be subject to terrible and sudden storms, that sweep down from the distant Alps; but it is now as calm and smooth as possible. There is Constance, with its spires, spreading out before us, on the lake shore, and surrounded with shrubbery, in full foliage. All eyes on board are turned in one direction, that of the town, where we are to lodge for the night. We have had much talk on board. The slaveholding Democracy and Religion of America have had a full share. I am just sick, disgusted with that country. Every body sees her hypocrisy; the veriest tyrants and tools of tyranny of this continece scoff and flout at her; and I can't answer them, except when they begin to run down the eternal principles of human freedom, and to make the *practical* tyranny of America a cover for their own despotism in *principle* and *practice*. Then I pitch into the old, hoary despotism of Europe, and show them that they are all a *covering*, *subject* people, fit only to be managed. Oh, the wide-spreading, accursed influence of American slavery! My patriotism is at a low ebb; gone, *clean* gone, and that forever.

10 o'clock, night.

My room in the Hotel de Lisle, Constance.

Arrived here at 7 o'clock. Took lodgings, and then sallied out to examine the town and vicinity.

Walked about till dusk—then went with the multitude outside the town to a beautiful suburb to hear a band play. There saw thousands of the people gathered to enjoy their favorite pastime, music. All in their peculiar dress, and all disposed to be happy, and to make others happy, so far as such amusements can make happy. Constance is a walled town, on the left bank of the Rhine where it comes out to the lake. It belongs to Baden, but is probably Switzerland. French is spoken here extensively, as well as German. There are many English here. There are about 7500 inhabitants. It once had 40,000, and was one of the most noted cities in Germany. Its trade and its fame are gone. Few strangers resort here now, though it is a most healthy and beautiful spot, on the west end, or north-west corner of the lake—a beautiful and healthful country scenery around; but the town looks very old and solitary, and the people don't move brisk and active, as if they had life. But I am weary of travelling and seeing and talking, and will to bed, and to sleep, if I can.

12 o'clock.

On a pier running out into lake Constance. Some half dozen lime trees spreading their deep green branches over us, and shading us from the sun. There are benches all about under the trees; and here the men and women of Bregenz come to gossip at noon, at noon, and at dewy eve; and here the children come to romp—the clear, smooth, beautiful lake on one side, the gentle slope and pretty town on the other—the bold, high hill, called *Gebhardsberg*, behind the town, on the top of which is a church. From the top we see the whole of lake Constance as far as the eye can reach—the Rhine where it enters the lake—the snow-capped peaks of the Arlberg, over which we have passed; the glaciers of Apenzell, in Switzerland, and the peaks of the Senni, off to the south and south-west. The view is enchanting. Bregenz is the frontier town of Austria on the west, between Bavaria and Switzerland; a place of some traffic, especially in ready-made houses, which are made by the Tyrolese in the neighboring mountains, and brought here in pieces, and experted across the lake to Switzerland. This is said to be the *Brigantine* mentioned by Strode. Near this, Drusus Nero and Tiberius, so lauded by Horace, fought and vanquished the Vindelici. It is said they transported their army across this beautiful lake.

I am sitting on a bench close to the lake, under the shade of a lime. My companion is stretched out on another bench, looking up into the tree-tops, half asleep and half awake. I sit here, cap off, the cool air from the lake blowing gently my face and hair. Some children splashing water close to me—I splash at them and am laughing. Four old men, very aged, sit on another bench, smoking, and looking solemnly on to see our sport. Now, three young men, each a fine peacock, and smoking, have come to my bench, and driven the children away from their sport. They talk and look big. I presume they are the *fastidious* of the town. It is a shame to pollute this sweet spot with their foul tobacco smoke. The lake is still, and smooth as a mirror. I think of the lakes of Western New-York—or lake Champlain, of lake George, of lake Winnipesaukee. This lake, though very beautiful, bears no comparison with the

two latter, nor with Skaneateles, or Otsego, where the *Doversinger*, alias *Leatherstocking*, alias *Hawkeye*, alias *Pathfinder*, alias the *Trapper*, once followed the game. Here I sit and look at the past, present and future. How oft have I read of the deeds of Roman Legions, and of the deeds of Charlemagne in this region! I am at the head of the valley of the Rhine. I look down a thousand miles, nearly, to its mouth, and where it is lost in the sands of Holland.

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## POETRY.

From the Boston Courier.

THE CHRISTIAN'S FATHERLAND.

(In imitation of the German Song, "Das Faterland.")

By R. H. BACON.

Where's the Christian's cherished home?  
Tell me where that spot can be!  
Is it his own hearth beside,  
With his children on his knee,  
And his wife, whose angel smile  
Meets his gaze of love the while?  
No, ah, no! pale Death may strike  
The mother and the child alike.

Where's the Christian's own dear land?

Tell me where that spot can be!  
Is it where the Hudson rolls  
Its mighty tribute to the sea;  
And on whose majestic tide  
The waves of the world may ride?

No, a country nobler far,  
Is the Christian's native land.

Where's the Christian's native land?

Is it where the Andes rise,

In solemn grandeur lifting up

Their snowy summits to the skies—

Or where the Rio Plata's seen

Winding through boundless plains of green?

No, a broader land than this

The true Christian claims as his.

Where's the Christian's native land?

Is it where the Saviour bled—

Where he burst the rocky tomb,

The first begotten of the dead—

And arose while Heaven was ringing

With men's acclam and angels' singing?

No, a wider bound he claims,

Which his native land he names.

Where's the Christian's country then?

Which he woos more than all?

Is it where the banyan's shadows

On the rich pagoda fall—

Through vale of dream-like beauty flow?

Ah, no, his country is not here,

'Tis not the land he holds most dear.

Where's the Christian's fatherland?

Is it classic Greece's shore,

Strown with relics of the past—

Columns vast and temples hoar—

Where every hill and vale and wave

Have each some well-remembered tale?

No, tho' her hounds so lovely are,

His fatherland is dearer far.

Where, then, is his fatherland?

Is it Spain or glorious France,

Where beneath the shade of olives,

Minstrels sing and maidens dance?

Or is it Italy's sea,

Where every breeze wakes melody?

No, his fatherland contains

More than all Italy's plains.

Is the Christian's fatherland

Burdened Erin's sea-washed isle?

Or, beside the Firth's broad waters,

Doth the sun upon it smile?

Or is it England, land of castles,

Lay lords and cringing vassals?

No, the Christian's birth-land is

A broader, nobler land than these.

THE WORLD is his dear fatherland!

And the trusty patriot he:

All its dwellers are his brothers,

Whether bond or free.

Frank and Ethiop, the same;

The Christian's warm affection claim:

He loveth all Humanity:

And thanks his God that he can find

A heart to cherish all mankind.

The following Poem was written by a pupil of the Utica Female Academy—a girl of sixteen! It is justly characterized by N. P. Willis, as "wonderfully original and beautiful."

## WATER.

Where does the water spring, gladsome and bright?  
Here in the leafy grove,  
Bubbling in life and love;

Born of the sunshine, up leaping to light,  
Waked in its pebbly bed,

Where the still shadows fled,  
Gushing, o'erflowing, down tumbling, for flight.

Where does the water flow? Where glides the rill?  
Now 'neath the forest shade,  
Then in the grassy glade,

Dancing as freely as child of the hill—  
Bright cascades leaping,

Silver brooks creeping,  
Wearing the mountains, and turning the mill.

Where does the water dwell, powerful and grand?  
Here where the ocean foam

Breaks in its rock-ribbed home,

Dashing, hand-lashing, up-bound, wrath spanned;

Awes sweetly sleeping,

Soft dimples o'creeping,

Like a baby on its mother's breast, soothed by her hand.

Where smiles the dew-drop the night shadows woo?

Where the young flow'rs dip,

Leaving each perfumed lip

Close in the rose's heart, loving and true,

Poised on an emerald shaft,

Where never sunbeam laughed,

Deep in the dingle, the beautiful dew.

Where glows the water-pledge, given of old?

'Tis dropped down from God's throne,

Where the shower is gone,

A chain of pure gems linked with purple and gold;

In Eden hues blushing,

With infinity gushing,

A line from the Book of Life, its love half untold.

The bright bow of promise, the sign of power,

The crown of the sky,

The pathway on high,

Whence angels bend to us, when darksome clouds hover,

Breathing so silently,

Kindly and truthfully—

Oh! their wings for a shield, in the wrath-bearing hour!

Then we'll love the threads lacing our beautiful world,

Tangling the sun-beams,

Laughing in glorious gleams:

The wavelots all dimpled, and spray-screws curled:

The tear on the flower's breast,

The gem in the ocean's crest,

And the ladder of angels by rain-drops impaled.

BLANCHE.

## KIND WORDS.

BY SOLITAIRE.

Like gentle rain upon the parched earth;

Like heaven's sunlight in some deep lone dell;

Like mother's hope at her fair infant's birth;

Like voice of freedom in a prisoner's cell;

Or joyous warbling of a spring-time bird;

Falls on the heart a low-toned kindly word.

Breathing its magic spell—a kindly word.

## THE LIBERATOR.

THE LIBERATOR,  
THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY.

of time, between offensive and defensive war; and its profligate incitement to a vigorous support of war technically defensive, just as our country is in danger of being involved in a war which will bear that title, if it is waged, but which will really proceed from our unprovoked aggression, and in which we shall be entirely and most grossly in the wrong; all this, I say, might easily be answered, were it necessary; but those who have eyes, and heads, and Christian hearts, will see the answer of themselves.

There is one thought, however, which men educated as we have been are not apt to see for themselves, and for that reason I suggest it. How long shall we countenance by our weekly attendance, and support by our contributions, the false claims of the clergy of this land to the title and consideration of "ministers of man-slaughter before them, and that the preachers (with the honorable exception of John Pierpont, some years ago,) have thought it proper to compliment the professors of manslaughter before them, and to justify the practice of war. Their orator on this occasion was the Reverend Alexander H. Vinton, Doctor of Divinity, and Rector of St. Paul's church in this city.

After the singing of an ode, in which soldiers were

declared "a blessing to the earth," and a prayer by the Rev. Mr. Taylor, petitioning, among other things,

that God would "remove from us all those who are

opposed to legislative enactments," that the military

company before him might "keep up the dignity of

their station," and that God would "smile upon all

the institutions of our land," the preacher arose. I

noted down what I could of his sermon, and though I

was not able in all cases to retain the exact expression,

I believe I can give a faithful transcript of the

thought. His text was

"John xvi. 36. My kingdom is not of this world.

If my kingdom were of this world, then would my

servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the

Jews; but now my kingdom is not from hence."

In the world, but not of it, was the position of the

Saviour. His kingdom was widely separated from

the strife and discord of this world. Peace was

the chief characteristic of the Messiah's reign.

The Boston Courier bestows the following pan-

egyric on the same military performance :

"REV. DR. VINTON'S SERMON, on Monday, before

the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company,

was one of uncommon excellence—represents with great

eloquence, lofty Christian sentiment, and beauti-

ful illustration. It was conservative in its charac-

ter, and while it condemned, in no equivocal man-

ner, the spirit which leads to offensive war, and

showed in support of their peculiar doctrines. Its

words may seem to some incongruous with your

profession as soldiers, and with my position in ad-

dressing you. But to my mind this incongruity does not exist; and I am persuaded that a just interpretation

will reconcile the apparent opposition.

THE LETTER FROM HENRY C. WRIGHT.

FELDKIRK, (Ober Arlberg, Austria,) July 14, 1844.

To my Daughter Hannah.

DEAR HANNAH:

I am here for the first time in the valley of the Rhine, in the town of Feldkirk, in the *Krone* hotel. Just arrived from the top of the Tyrol Alps. This has been a busy day; I have passed through many grand and beautiful scenes, which would have delighted you, as it did me, from many expressions of pleasure and admiration. The Rhine, which runs a few miles to the west of this town, runs north into the lake Constance. To-morrow my course will be north, on the east side of the Rhine. From this town, off south and south-west, I look off upon the Swiss Alps, covered with snow, from which the Rhine comes. It is here a small stream, except where swollen by the melted snow on the mountains. There it swells fearfully, and sweeps all before it.

I have just been out to look about the town. It

stands close to the entrance of the valley of the Rhine, here called *Walgau*, which leads up among the Alps of the Arlberg. The oldest building here is a Hospital, built in 1218; and there is an old church of Gothic gloom and structure, built in 1746, having a pulpit of iron, emblematic of the hard, unfeeling, inhuman nature of the ambitious priests that officiate in it. This is the first of several cases, which would have delighted you, as it did me, from many expressions of pleasure and admiration. The Rhine, which runs a few miles to the west of this town, runs north into the lake Constance. To-morrow my course will be north, on the east side of the Rhine. From this town, off south and south-west, I look off upon the Swiss Alps, covered with snow, from which the Rhine comes. It is here a small stream, except where swollen by the melted snow on the mountains. There it swells fearfully, and sweeps all before it.

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